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SYNOPSIS.

I.

The approaching dawn.--Morning.-- The Sun bursts forth upon a drowsy world.- Clouds arrayed with glowing light.- Nature displays a panoramic scene whose splendor vanishes with the closing morn.

The Youth and manhood of the Sun.- At noontide it stands a period to the morning light.- Deity represented at the summit of its pathway.- The decline of the Sun.- Its after-glow blending with shadows.- The Sunset here, a Sunrise there.

II.

The Water Lily.- Anology between its Birth, Bloom and Blight, and Sunrise.- Sunhigh and Sunset exemplified.- Its Earth, Water and air existence.- A trinity of births into the Natural, Spiritual and Celestial Spheres.

III.

Its evolution, environment and final destiny.- From the strata of mud it attains the highest rank in the realm of beauty.- The decay is that of a righteous man, as it withers and folds itself to slumber. Nature attuned to its harmony gathers her shadowy images and throws them into darkness. Silence broods like the air and all life is at rest.

The Annex.

At early dawn Aurora waves her hand:
Soon Day and Night divide at her command:
Below she glances,-then, with playful scorn,
She chides and beckons to the tardy morn.

Day, lifting darkness, breaks the bending sky;
Unfolds the glowing twilight to the eye;
Spreads o'er the Earth and up the murky space,
To close on shadows and to them embrace.

She smiles and blushes,- Daughter of the Morn!
And where she glances, darkness there is gone,
And, Lo! the Sun more speedily comes on.

Night leaps the mountain tops, then down below
drops into valleys where the shadows go;
And hides and dwindles like a driven thing
Until again it starts and takes to wing.

But while the smiling morn delights the eye
Beyond the land where unborn shadows lie,
Let us anew again review the sky,
And there behold the splendor that shall be
When the great Orb unveils his mystery.

Let us the eyes prepare, and there await
The flooding tide through the celestial gate:
The fire of life,- the flaming love,- receive:
Then in Divine beneficence believe.

For soon bright Alpha of the morn ascends,
and from the brooding shade the day defends,
Until Omega on the evening sky
With Sunset unto Sunrise makes reply,
Welding the twilight day to night thereby.

Midst opalescent glow, its rosy flow-
Its rich magnificence that colors show,-
In midst the golden prescence now at hand
That bursts the gates of darkness o'er the land,
The Sun appears, majestic as it moves,
And all the world rejoices and approves.

From out the depths in grandeur rising slow
It spreads swift light, the Earth to overflow,-
Strikes here and there with interrupted flashes:
One cloud ablaze, it on another dashes.

Thensinging birds,- Sun-worshippers are they,-
Turn to the East to welcome on the day:
And all the flowery Kingdom, with their Queen,
Rear up their heads, and bending, Eastward lean.

Bespangled is the bosom of the Morn,
And flecked with colors that a sky adorn.
The flaming clouds now on the bend appear;
Embrace the golden hues alighting here,
Which, beaming, blushing, burning,- slowly spread
And make aglow the purpling blue and red.
E'er long the clouds, dissolving, pass away:
Their splendor melting in the blue of day.

Illuminating thus, the Sun moves higher;
In pond and stream there gleams a liquid fire.
Swift, piercing rays alight on things that shine
Reflecting to the East their glittering sign.

Thin clouds afloat,- which fairy islands are,-
In lofty height their crimson juices bear.
Bright, misty globules hold the color fine
And, were they pressed, would drip Ambrosial wine.

Now wakes the world with energy renewed
To break the silence of its solitude!
Loud sound, vehement, soon the air disturb,
Nor will the softer tones their vigor curb:
For life strong utters in the morning time
Through warbling song or choruses sublime;
It throws its forces fresh from passive sleep

And nerves intensely when the forces leap.

See, how impulsive winds sweep o'er the field:
And to their fury how the zephyrs yeild.
Perchance a tempest sweeps in sportive glee
And lifts a challenge from the angry Sea.

The Ocean roars. The Forest soon replies.
If one affirms, the other then denies,-
Accepts the challenge for the loudest roar,
Then every blast is louder than before.

Or, mayhap now, some bird will sweetly sing
And trill its chanting on the trembling wing;
Then, to the East will turn and swiftly fly
And breath in light to make its melody;
His listening mate, enraptured by the song,
Makes flight abreast, for her the notes prolong.

Still higher o'er the pathway climbs the Sun,
Proclaiming to all life the Day begun.
The sky of blue repels the charmed eye
And turns it back on toil and drudgery.
On moves the world to lower thoughts attend;
Man meets his enemy,- Man meets his friend.

Now Westward tramp in haste the multitude,
Pursuing others and themselves pursued:
Each tread upon their shadows, till the Sun
At noon turns East the shade they trod upon.

The robust Orb, with youthful vigor strong,
Mounts to the summit where the gods belong;
There, in its manhood, bright with lustre crowned,
It points its rays into the space around.

High noon appears; all eyes are upward turned;
The master of the World is there discerned:
Vast, blazing light he throws on every side,
Submerging Earth with the effulgent tide.

Here in mid-summer of the sky he sits,
And down to Earth swift light and heat commits.
Upon the right are blossoms of the Spring,-
Upon the left, the fruits are ripening.

Robed with divinity, He all life gives;
To meet it, Nature rises and receives,
And all through space,- the never-ending space,-
To realms unknown it reaches to embrace.

The bloom of light now dims unto decay,

To fall in night when thither goes the Day:

And Time, with flight extended, weary is,

And song-birds cease their tuneful melodies.

The World retreats in homeward paths to rest

and, going, sees the splendor of the West.

Soft shades approach,- That brilliant Sunset glow

Becomes the Sunrise of the land below,-

We sleep,- they wake,- and thus the time-wheels go.

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"The Water Lily"

Once, deep in gloom-light, laid the seedling Sun,
E'er to the eye ascension had begun,
Enfolding there vast possibilities;
So in the soil a lily seed-germ lies,
Awaiting pilgrimage toward the skies.

Appear what will,- Expression is a law
That Life shall grow till greater than before,
And then recede till it becomes no more
As tide, out-flowing, seeks the further shore.

That evolution swell from small to great:
To build, combine,- or what we call, create,
That when decay compels the life to wane,
As Music ceases with the dying strain,
To recreate in other forms again,-
So tide returning fills once more the plain.

The Power Divine that rules the Universe
And causes Nature daily to rehearse
Her sounds of joy,- her sounds of wretchedness,
And to the World her inner life express,-
This Power Supreme compels the flower to grow
And to the world its silent beauty show.

Growth is a gift of atoms to the flower,
Whose touch eternal is creative power.
Enrolling particles that there belong,
As notes in melody become the song.

All elements of Earth in air exist.
See! Water is not less when in the mist,-
Each part component adds to growing life,
Then, each in turn, will multiply the strife.

Such energy is but an aggregate
Of smaller things emerging into great.
When like with like combines, intelligence
Assumes the brain and then directs it hence.

Were man himself the only being known,
Would he not doubt the lower life when shown?
Deny its wonders, till again he saw
That to deny was to himself ignore.

How marvelous the atom of a brain
That in the tiny mote its thoughts contain!
More marvellous that within the germ of seed
Which grows the flower and its rootlets feed.

And here behold what represnts the law
That life shall grow till greater than before;

Consider how the lily toils and grows
From muddy soil its beauty to disclose;
And sits as Queen among the watery host
Their pride and envy and exultant boast.

Beneath a dusky pond a seed-germ lies
Hard struggling from deep darkness to arise;
The tendril roots embedded in the soil
Hold down its aspiration; then the toil
It makes to gain etherial height, gives strength
And draws its slender stem to greater length.
With slow development it upward grows,
And from the bud a new-born Lily blows.

Attaining now the surface of the pond
It still aspires to regions yet beyond;
And throws its breathing sweetness on a sigh
As one would pray, his wishes to supply.

Here are we shown as Nature lifts her hand,
How life ascends, and her delights expand:
The worm has pleasure, but the fish has more;
Yet man, than these, can higher pleasure draw.

And see we not a graduation fine,
When root and stalk and leaflet all combine

To shoot their life-sap up and reach the bloom,
Then make invisible the rich perfume?
Is not the Heaven of our mind like this,
That in the bloom we find the sweetest bliss?

Who will believe, should one the truth declare,
That shall arise from out of scented air
A Lily-form,- of life: pure essence made,
To live in air beyond corporeal aid?

Now will we turn our eye upon the germ
Whose rude companion is the crawling worm,
To trace its birth and life and slow career
From primal state to the celestial sphere.

First comes to view a rudimental age
Where thought, imprisoned, lies within a cage
To mold the features by its equality,
That what the inward is, the outward be.

All normal life begins with consciousness,
One sense of Being only to possess,
With which in seed, the germ in embryo
Made life to gather, then to overflow.

This subtle germ we seek, and follow on
To mark the process as its life is born.

Invoking heat, deep in the pulpy mire,
A listless, dormant thing, with one desire,
Laid waiting that more force should enter in,
Inflame its energy and life begin.

A roving water sprite, inspired by love,
Descended from the airy realm above
And cast upon the barren seed a shade
With pollen dust which underneath was laid.

Aroused by life, the germ now rapid grows
And draws the nourishment that Earth bestows.
Soon, neath the mire, five sprouting rootlets spread,
Each grew a sense, and on that sense it fed.
From out the being of that germ they grew
And sucked the soil to nurse, as infants do.

First was the sense of touch, and then came taste,
Then others came, and each their own embraced;
Yet this germ-being knew not of its own,
It knew of consciousness, and that alone.

Now to its thought there came a vivid hope,
Of other spheres, of life with greater scope,
Where clear intelligence to beauty leads,
And where slow-moving sap the quicker speeds.

This glimpse of future possibilities
Within the realm of where its future lies
Urged on a wish, then came a vague desire,
And soon the seed-germ trembled to aspire.

A Sun-ray pierced below its lucid beam,
Which, penetrating, leapt became a dream,
It struck the root expanded o'er the ground,
And focused light and heat around.

Up moved the being, sighting wondorous things,
Strange images, and all that dreaming brings.
It now ~~pierced~~ perceived the water and the air,
Filled with new life, most beautiful and rare.

As one who reads upon a written page
All things around its consciousness engage:
But soon the gaze was fixed, and there upon,
Tho' many things were seen, it knew but one.

Itself intangible, yet saw it clear,
As one in thought will note how things appear,-
The Queen of Lilies which with ripplets played
Above the seed in which itself had laid.

And o'er the vision hovering, it saw,
The twin resemblance to itself it bore:

While glosting on the waxy blossom white
A grove of petals rose up full in sight.

At this sweet moment dropped the charms of love
To thrill the tender senses as they move,
And to impregnate them with keen delight
That lies between when love and love unite.

So, mystified, in calm repose it floated;
With vision clear, it still with wonder noted;
A radiance of light surrounds the Queen
Which magnifies the lustre of the scene.

Her beauty lures the beautiful to come;
Stray bees, in soft melodic measure, hum:
Swift birds of passage slack their flight and lower
To nearer be and clearer see the flower.

Two fishes saunter here and idly move,-
Their blushing backs betray the bloom of love,-
They dive beneath the broad, expanding leaves
To take the vow that breaks not nor deceives.

Then up arose a misty halo, bright
As sometimes seen around the moon at night.
This was a hazy fragrance that arose
Around,- above,- Love's prescence to disclose.

Alas! that dreams are false to the desire;
Back to the soil again it must retire,-
Too short the hour,- Too swift the speed of time,-
Too high the steep which it again must climb.

As up the Sunbeam it arose to view
Down in the path once more it passes through:
But with it cling new meanings of its being,-
Emotion,- new sensation- clearer seeing.

How dark the old abode to hibernate
And live again the fierce degrees of fate!
What curse is this that holds emotion down
When it would rise and glorify the crown?

Here is the possible,- but Hope has fled:
And life without a hope is better dead!
There, things above had bodies to propel,-
But here no sound, no light, pervades the cell:
All this is but a dream,- naught else can be.
Nothing exists beyond what eye can see.

The shadows melting, Night came rushing on
To chase the Day below where light had gone.
All idle life was soon in slumber lost
Awaiting daybreak on the Eastern coast.

The Water Lily

Part II

Low in the vale of dawn up moves the Sun:
From Winter leaps young Spring the Earth upon.
So leaps the germ and moves upon its way
To reach the light and hail the Spring of Day.

From Nature's voice the edict goes: "Ascend!"
Swift sprouts the stalk whose aimings upward tend,-
The cell it leaves but holds the parent seed
For nourishment that higher instincts need,-
By growth of atoms it is daily clad
Which much unto its length and thickness add.

Like human blood the globules circulate:
And in the sap instinctive thoughts create.
These force and thrill the tissues and the nerves
And then its brain their intuition serves.

One thought divine the seed now fell upon,
And stayed the senses till was left but one:
This gave the energy,- the living power
That drives the sap from rootlets to the flower.

An impulse quickened life and gave a vim
To force nutritious juice into the stem,

And build the infant bud,- its head and br in,-
Through which each sense may future thought obtain.

Soon is the fabric made,- the folding leaves
Begin their growth, and grow as Nature weaves.
The oval bud toils in the water-sphere
And lifts its head when things to it appear.

Tis motion stirs the heavenly sounding air,
And gives to melodies the charm they bear.
Motion is to the bud its first delight:
Then touch a pleasure gives, and then comes sight.
The sight of water in this second sphere,
And all that therein is which centre here.

A surging motion, gentle in its move
Attends its birth as would maternal love:
This sooths and rocks to lull the waining sense
Until it wakes to make its passage hence.

Arouse once more the strange of things to see,-
Renewed by sl mber that it stronger be,-
Its senses gathered to unite their force
And draw and coax the bud to onward course.

For light,- more light,- the infant voyager starts,
And from the dreary habitat departs:

Its port of light,- the haven, is on high
Which to it seemed,- as seems to us the sky,-
A place mysterious for inquiry.

This second state, embracing new delights,
Attracts its gaze,- with novelty invites.
A world of wonder opens to the view.
The old is past, and everything is new.

Held by its clinging roots, it does not move,
But sees the nimble fish in freedom rove,-
Their scales of beauty shine in colors gay
Like paving ripples that in moonbeams play,-
And when in love, more beautiful are they.

It notes their motion as they swim around
Or plunges below into the muddy ground,
Or in aspeedy flight dart here and there,
Chasing in sport as if they human were.

One sudden springs and tags his wily foe
Then dives to hide among the rocks below:
Another, searching, sculls along the shore
Some rare and dainty morsel to secure.

The spotted turtle, crawling on its way,
Shoots out its neck together in the pray;
And see! he climbs a rock for safe repose
And plays the monarch to his baffled foes.

And there, again, is one among the reeds,-
He traps the water insect. Then he feeds,-
Enjoys seclusion and the sweets repast
For every bite is sweeter than the last

Lo! What is this? A dark thing rushes by,-
Flo ting on air, between the Earth and Sky,-
Across the pond a meadow lark had flown
And in the water was its shadow thrown.

But in this second birth all life is dumb/-
The fishes mute,- by signs they go and come;
O, that some sound, or word of mouth, would reach,-
(Where is the feminine, so apt in speech?)
To break the silence and to please the ear
And make their pantomimic signs more clear?

For could their breath in sounds so molded be
That they could hear as they now objects see,
Then would this fear embrace a world of joy
When so the finny tribe their breath employ.

These are the scenes that in the bud appear
All through the path unto the surface near,-
This is water life; and much there is
Man knows not of,- these visions are not his.

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Its evolution, environment and final destiny.

Again the Royal Orb on Earth bestows
Its blessed ray, the darkness to oppose:
And so it drew the light below the Earth
To celebrate at dawn the Morning's birth,
That dream ideal, which before was seen,-
The flower of beauty,- prize,- the Lily Queen
Drew up the bud toward the heavenly sphere
That skyward lies beyond the surface here.

Tis neither Earth nor water that befit
The high estate or destiny of it,
But up, unto the realm of ether, where
Its aromatic breathings flood the air;
To this, the native element, it goes
And consumates the tri-birth when it flows

Swift scudding clouds fly rampant 'fore the wind
And hurl their fiery bolts at those behind,-
Hush! Listen to the billowy air that breaks!
It scatters thunder o'er the hills and lakes.

Now Nature gives her loud command; "Advance!"
Among the clouds the lightning flashes dance;

In this grand march the world of growth advances:
Birds and flowers exchange their winsome glances.

Spring uplifts life! And when that voice she hears,
She dons her robes of beauty and appears:
Seasoned with light, the buds and leaves come forth:
The warm South wind comes roving to the North:
The wild birch makes more sweet the balmy air,-
For light is love, and light is everywhere.

Yet things that bloom must an ascension make.
(The water blossoms in the snowy flake,-)
We find them not in earth, nor at the root,
Nor in the water,- but in air are put
By Nature's hand,- all blossoms are their fruit.

Time onward goes. For the approach prepare.
The bud the water breaks to seek the air,-
Then listless lies,- thus helpless in the sway,
Soft ripples toss and with its motion play.

Soon flowering plants that grow upon the land
Unfold their leaves and to the Sun expand,-
Receive their coloring and tint receive,
That charm the eye and fond impressions leave.

But to the pond we glance again, and see
The bud in strife that it may higher be.
This thrice-born Lily, cradled by the wave,
Dips in the fluid as the ripples lave;
Then on the surface toils to float above
And struggles for the light at every move;
Exulting Nature calls her forces there
To mark the birth and in the glory share.

The blushing pond is conscious of the scene;
Its wavelets raise their heads, the shores between,-
Would they not see the mystery of birth?
Did they not buoy and lift the bud from Earth?

Slow, affluent tide, that scarcely moves until
It trickles down beside the distant mill,
Or draws its resource for a new supply
That lies beyond the flowery banks near by,
Caresses gently, and with move of touch
Compels the roots deep in the Earth to clutch.

Four guardian leaves, enamelled,- pink and green,-
Protect the hidden recess yet unseen:
While deep below the petals clustered there
Hold close a fragrance to salute the air.

The Sun, now midway 'tween the East and West,
Blooms on the sky the birthright to attest
And shade with yellow tint the leafy breast.

A heavenly flash sweeps o'er the pond to greet
This new celestial birth with light and heat,-
The bud unfolds,- its leaves wide open spread;
It air receives; and with new light is fed,-
Thus are its aspirations answered.

Now puffs the air with odors and with sound;
With light celestial, and with love profound.

Hark! Hear the chorus-birds that meet to sing
And celebrate with song the opening.
The robin whistles,- now the ear attends
The bob-o'link his chattering nonsense lends
The thrush is here with his melodious note
To try the vigor of his tiny throat.

The nightingale? Ah, Yes. He too is here
To lead the chorus on, should night appear.
So sing they all, as when at early dawn
The Sun comes forth to greet their notes new-born.

In this great world, so ravishing to sight,
The lily sees new pleasures that delight:

Its vision clearer in the air, revealed
What in the Earth and Water was concealed.

Here are the piping frogs that yonder sing
Their shrill, responsive notes to early Spring:
They call their mates when twilight shades prevail
Or softly coo!, their absence to bewail.

There, high upon the bank the wild rose blooms;
Queen of the land, it royalty assumes,-
Then deeply blushes; within the regal flower
Are held the sweets that honey bees devour.

And here are birds that strike and fan the air;
Of swifter flight are they than fishes were,-
They cycle round and round the wide embrace
In joyous freedom and with charming grace.

Now, distant flags that skirt the shallow pond
Throw out their greeting to the plant beyond:
And stand erect to see the Water-Queen
That lies afar with many waves between:
Then, by a signal show their colony
Where group the rushes by the willow tree.

Then are reflected in the pond at night
The star,- Sometimes the Moon,- their Queen of Light,-

Strange and mysterious these lofty things
Things which the warbler tells of when he sings.

Are they but echoes from the starry sky
That fall to Earth and in the water lie?
Are they but mellow song-notes of the birds
Which water-lilies read as we do words.

Amid enchantment that surrounds the scene
The solitary wood,- the pasture green,
The hanging ivy lowering for a kiss,
Or dangling vines that scarcely dream of this,-

Thick clustering pads float on the smooth expanse
To buoy the plant and quell the wavy dance;
Then like a jewel on a woman's breast
Or like a lone star glowing in the West
The Lily's head the watery spread lies in
And here it toils not, neither does it spin.

So verily arrayed like this, no King,-
Not even Solomon, such wealth could bring!
Such wealth of beauty,- such of fragrance sweet,-
Of colors rich, the grateful eye to meet.

Full ripe in bloom its presence wins the eye;
And man and bird,- the roving butterfly.
And insects all throughout the sunlit day
Come here to view its charms, then go away.
Their love ideals they with it compare:
It is their idol and they worship here.

Content with lovliness now unsurpassed
To lulling sounds the Lily yeilds at last
And sways with drowsy nodding, Too and fro
As wanton breezes back and forward go.

Soon, as a gentle glow, then sudden glare,
A scent mysterious pervades the air;
And zephyrs born from out the atmosphere
Convey melodious ripples to the ear.

Attracted by the cadence, hither flies
An odor wild,- within the bloom it lies
To waste itself in fragrance till it dies.
Its presence fills the mind with rare delight
As beauty brings ecstatic joy to sight:
For odor sweet will thoughts of hate remove,
Replacing with some image that we love.

Then silent melodies, disrobed by sound
Come here to rest, or lingering around
Await the fond recall of man or bird
To wake again the air that they be heard.

Does slumber press? They seek the Lily cup:
Absorbing dreams that fairies have made up,
and then rehearse them newly to the ear
When to the human mind these dreams appear.

No charm exists beyond its living time;
It moves unto, then moves beyond its prime.
The blush upon the cheek, if it would show
The witchery of love, must come and go
And flush, like ocean tides that ebb and flow.

So blooms the Sun when at the hight of day
Then sinks into decline and moves away:

So blooms the plant for man's admiring gaze
Then, in decline, it withers and decays.

Now Sunset glow makes answer to the Morn,
And gives its sign,- a promise of return.
Then cycling Time gives heed the day to close
That life and daily labor have repose.

E'er twilight, scowling, lowers with a frown
To still the country and to hush the town,
The fleeting shades tide to the Western sky;
And living things unto their homes draw nigh:
Dark shadows stretch their length then slip away
As sentinels of Night, that close the day.

Deep solemn silence broods the tranquil scene:
Strange phantoms fly the day and night between:
The glooming thickens, and the gloomy West
Draws on its robes as one who lies to rest.

The throbs of Nature's pulse are slower beating:
Her vital forces to the heart retreating:
With hushing whispers she her children calls,
While gentle dew on leaf and flower falls,
And presses low the twilight into shade
Where shadows were, and where their forms are laid.

Becalmed the noisy world,- the rippling rill,-
The murmuring tree-tops that adorn the hill,-
The rumbling wheels that rattled down the lane
The pounding hoofs that drew them o'er the plain,-
While, tumbling mill-streams dash no more their spray,
And bonding echoes sounding o'er the way,
No more repeat, but deep in silence lay.

Faint breezes sighing, seek their eaves of rest
As birds at eve return unto their nest:
And tuneful wavelets that molest the air
Cease now their motion and their notes forbear.

All things that move seem waiting,- lone and still,
Withdrawing energy,- withdrawing will:
E'en silent thoughts than wandered forth to see
Returned with fear, awed by the mystery.

Buried in air that folded leaves entomb
Shrouded within the sphere of faint perfume,
The Lily sleeps, while gently, Silence dies,
And on the pond, pale as in Death, it lies.

Of Nature's homeward calls, the last is made:
Now supreme stillness o'er the scene is laid
That nothing moves, that no sound be betrayed.

ANNEX.

Whate'er exists within Celestial light
Basks in the prescence of the infinite:
Here cometh from deep darkness, sweet and low,
A beam of sound, a gleam from out of woe.

The pulsing air, on harp Aeolian
In wild and wierd, soft, sylvan tone
Tells of the Invisible and Unknown.
Awake, O, Germ! Pour through this lucent strain,
Assume the sound and then arise again!

Borne to a lofty hight by zephyr-wings
The Lily floats on vaporous air and sings;
Proud of itself,- of new existence proud,-
With clinging roots embedded in a cloud
It drifts, and lifts its head, and sings aloud,-

Excelsior.

Finis.

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